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OTWAY.

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, Sep.r 10. 1796.

OTWAY's WORKS,

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Vide Poets Complaint, Page 30.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS OTWAY.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

The ſtings of want when famiſh'd Otway bore,
Oh! think what pangs the gentle ſpirit tore!
Awake to mourn, and exquiſite to feel
How Sorrow rives him with her hand of ſteel.
Thou brighteſt Fancy, ſofteſt, kindeſt ſoul,
There ſway'd the Tragic Muſe with high controul;
And Venus kiſs'd thy lips, and bath'd thy ſtrain
In pureſt nectar, but ſhe bath'd in vain.
Child of the Graces, nurſling of the Loves,
In houſeleſs beggary poor Otway roves.
Lo! ſome kind hand the tardy boon ſupplies.
A ſickly luſtre fills his hollow eyes;
With trembling haſte he graſps the precious meal,
The damps of death his weary eye-lids ſeal.

Preſton.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoſter-Row
and ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

Eigentum
der Stadt Bamberg

Gruppe:
Zahl:

Staatliche
Bibliothek
Bamberg

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS OTWAY.

CONTAINING HIS

WINDSOR CASTLE,	EPISTLES,
POET'S COMPLAINT,	PROLOGUES,
PHAEDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS,	EPILOGUES.

&c. &c. &c.

But wherefore need I wander wide
By old Iliſſus' verdant ſide,
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt thy native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.
There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentle Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was ſhewn;
And, while he ſung, the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Collins' Ode to Pity.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS OTWAY.

LIFE OF OTWAY.

THE Life of Thomas Otway, though he is one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed names in the Britiſh Drama, affords very little that can give the biographer pleaſure in relating, or the reader in peruſing.

He was born at Trottin in Suſſex, March 3d, 1651, the ſon of the Reverend Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolding in that County. He received his education at Wincheſter-ſchool, and was entered a Commoner of Chriſt-church Oxford, in 1669, but left the univerſity without a degree, whether from the circumſcribed ſtate of his finances, or impatience of academical reſtraint, is not known.

It ſeems probable that he was eager to mingle with the world, for he went to London and commenced actor, but found himſelf incapable of acquiring any reputation on the ſtage. In the *Roſcius Anglicanus*, written by Downes, the prompter, we learn that it was the character of the King in Mrs. Behn's *Forced Marriage*, or the *Jealous Bridegroom*, which Otway attempted to perform and failed in. This event appears to have happened in the year 1671. On this circumſtance Dr. Johnſon has the following obſervation:

" This kind of inability he ſhared with Shakeſpeare and Jonſon, as he ſhared likewiſe ſome of their excellencies. It ſeems reaſonable to expect that a great dramatic poet ſhould without difficulty become a great actor: that he who can feel, could expreſs; and that he who could excite paſſion, ſhould exhibit with great readineſs its external modes--But ſincee xperience has fully proved that of thoſe powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be poſſeſſed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other, it muſt be allowed that they depend upon different faculties, or a different uſe of the ſame faculty; that the actor muſt have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may eaſily be ſuppoſed to want, or that the at-

tention of the poet and the player has been differently employed. The one has been conſidering and the other acting; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face."

Though Otway could not acquire much reputation as an actor, the ſprightlineſs of his converſation and the acuteneſs of his wit gained him the favour of the Earl of Plymouth, one of the natural ſons of Charles II. who procured him a Cornets commiſſion in ſome troops which then ſerved in Flanders. But Otway did not long retain his military character, for he ſoon left his commiſſion behind him, and returned to London in extreme indigence, which *Rocheſter* mentions with mercileſs inſolence in his *Seſſion of the Poets*.

"Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
"And ſwears, for heroics, he writes beſt of any:
"Don Carlos his pockets ſo amply had fill'd,
"That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;
"But Apollo had ſeen his face on the ſtage,
"And prudently did not think fit to engage
"The ſcum of a play-houſe, for the prop of an age.

As he felt ſuch powers as might qualify him for a dramatic author, he exchanged the chance of reaping laurels in the field of victory for the equally uncertain and more barren laurels of poetry, and ſoon diſcovered that writing for the ſtage was the principal employment that nature had fitted him for.

Accordingly, in 1675, his twenty-fifth year, he produced *Alcibiades*, a Tragedy, his firſt performance; whether from the *Alcibiades* of Palaprat is uncertain. *Don Carlos* from which he is repreſented as having received ſo much benefit, was performed the ſame year. It appears, by the Lampoon, to have great ſucceſs, and is ſaid to have run thirty nights. This however it is reaſonable to doubt, as ſo long a continuance of one play upon the ſtage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time, when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffuſed through the whole people, and the audience, conſiſting nearly of the ſame perſons, could be drawn together only by variety. In

In 1677 he produced *Titus* and *Berenice*, tranſlated from Racine, with *The Cheats of Scapin* from Moliere, in 1678 *Friendſhip in Faſhion*, a Comedy, which at its firſt repreſentation met with ſucceſs; but on its revival was hiſſed off the ſtage for immorality and obſcenity.

Dr. Johnſon with truth obſerves that "want of morals or of decency, did not in thoſe days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any powers of entertainment; and Otway is ſaid to have been at this time a favourite companion of the diſſolute wits. But as he who deſires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himſelf, thoſe whom Otway frequented had no purpoſe of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They deſired only to drink and laugh; their fondneſs was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendſhip." Men of wit, ſays one of Otway's biographers, received at that time no favour from the great, but to ſhare their riots; from which they were diſmiſſed to their own narrow circumſtances. Thus they languiſhed in poverty without the ſupport of eminence.

The *Orphan* was exhibited in 1680. This is one of the few plays that kept poſſeſſion of the ſtage, and has pleaſed for more than a century, through all the viciſſitudes of dramatic faſhion. Dr. Johnſon ſays of this play "nothing new can be ſaid. It is a domeſtic tragedy, drawn from middle life; its whole power is upon the affections; for it is not written with much comprehenſion of thought, or elegance of expreſſion; but if the heart is intereſted, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be miſſed." The ſame year he produced *The Hiſtory and Fall of Caius Marius*, in which the characters of young *Marius* and *Lavinia* are borrowed from the Romeo and Juliet of Shakeſpeare.

In 1683 he produced *The Soldier's Fortune*, a Comedy, which may have been popular when it was written, for licentiouſneſs then polluted the court, the nation, and the ſtage; but it is now entirely laid aſide.

In

In 1682 appeared his great dramatic work, *Venice Preſerved*, a tragedy, which has long continued to be a favourite of the public, though there is not a virtuous character in it, but that of *Belvidera*, and the action is abſurdly diverſified by ſcenes of low comedy. So amazing, however, is the force of his ſkill in drawing the characters originally from nature, and in blending public and private virtues, that the diſtreſs of Belvidera melts every heart, and the ruffian on the wheel is as much an object of pity as if he had been brought down to that unhappy fate by ſome honourable action. By comparing this with his *Orphan*, it will appear that his images were by time become ſtronger, and his language more energetic. The ſtriking paſſages are in every mouth, and the public ſeems to judge rightly of the faults and excellencies of this play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by conſulting nature in his own breaſt.

In 1684 was exhibited *The Atheiſt*, or *The Second* part of *The Soldiers Fortune*, a comedy; which was his laſt dramatic performance, and is now deſervedly neglected, like the other, for licentiouſneſs.

Beſides his plays, Otway publiſhed *The Hiſtory of the Triumvirate*, a tranſlation from the French, and the poems in the preſent collection. All this was performed before he was thirty four years old; for he died April 14, 1685, in a manner which humanity ſhudders to mention. Having been compelled by his neceſſities to contract debts, and hunted, as Dr. Johnſon expreſſes it, by the tarriers of the law, he retired to a public houſe, on Tower-hill, where he is ſaid to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by ſwallowing, after a long faſt. a piece of bread which charity had ſupplied. He went out, as is reported, almoſt naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-houſe, aſked him for a ſhilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea, and Ot-

way.

way, going away, bought a roll, the firſt mouthful of which choaked him, and put a period to his days. All this we hope, for the ſake of humanity, is not true; and there is ground of better hope, as Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates, in *Spence's Memorials*, that he died of a fever, caught by violent purſuit of a thief who had robbed one of his friends. Whatever may have been the immediate cauſe of his death, it is certain that indigence and its concomitants, ſorrow and deſpondency, preſſed hard upon him, and ſunk him to the grave.

His melancholy has been wept by many ſucceeding poets, with the geunine tears of ſenſibility, and particularly by Mr. Preſton, in an *Epiſtle to a Young Gentleman*, diſſuading him from the ſtudy of poetry, by a pathetic enumeration of the martyrs of the lyre.

"The ſtings of want when famiſh'd Otway bore,
"Oh! think what pangs the gentle ſpirit tore!
"Awake to mourn, and exquiſite to feel
"How ſorrow rives him with her hand of ſteel.
"Then brighteſt fancy, ſofteſt, kindeſt ſoul,
"There ſway'd the tragic muſe with high control;
"And Venus kiſs'd thy lips, and bath'd thy ſtrain
"In pureſt nectar; but ſhe bath'd in vain.
"Child of the Graces, nurſling of the Loves,
"In houſeleſs beggary poor Otway roves.
"Lo! ſome kind hand the tardy boon ſupplies,
"A ſickly luſtre fills his hollow eyes;
"With trembling haſte he graſps the precious meal,
"The damps of death his weary eye-lids ſeal."

Critics obſerve, that like Shakeſpeare and Rowe, the genius of Otway was chiefly adapted to dramatic compoſition, in which he ſtood unrivalled by his cotemporaries, and has not been exceeded by his ſucceſſors. His power upon the paſſions was unlimited, in his dramatic writing; but his reputation bears no degree of proportion, reſpecting his poems. Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that he had not much cultivated verſification, nor much repleniſhed his mind with general knowledge. The longeſt of his poems is the *Poet's Complaint of his Muſe*, written in the ſtyle and manner of the Pindaric Ode; the language is ſometimes groſs, and the verſification frequently inharmonious. In his *Windſor Caſtle*, his loyalty is conſpicuous, and many of the lines

are

are entitled to praiſe. The *Epiſtle to Duke* has ſome ſprightlineſs, and many pleaſing flights of fancy; his principal power was in moving the paſſions, to which Dryden, in his latter years, left an illuſtrious teſtimony.

In fine, his tragedies are the foundation of his fame, on which it is unneceſſary to enlarge, as the pathetic paſſages are in every mouth, and every repreſentation draws tears from the faireſt eyes in the nation. He appears, by ſome of his verſes, to have been a zealous royaliſt and had what was in thoſe times the common reward of loyalty;—he lived and died neglected

WINDSOR CASTLE.

IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN KING CHARLES II.

OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
"Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
"Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.
"Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ."

Virgil.

To the immortal Fame of our late dread Sovereign King Charles II. of ever blessed Memory; and to the sacred Majesty of the most august and mighty Prince James II. now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following Poem is in all humility dedicated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant, THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live:
How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name:
But that I, wanting fame, am sure of thine
To eternize this humble song of mine?
At least the memory of that more than man,
From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
For wonders always did his name attend.
Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest,
Would never give its nursing father rest;
But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
By rods and axes had been kept in awe;
But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd;
Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,

Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haſte we did to ruin make;
Yet when upon its brink we ſeem'd to ſtand,
Lent to our ſuccour a forgiving hand,
Though now, alas! in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels thence ariſe.
Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven,
For gods have power to keep the balance even,
Which if kings looſe, how can they govern well?
Mercy ſhould pardon, but the ſword compel:
Compaſſion's elſe a kingdom's greateſt harm,
Its warmth engenders rebels till they ſwarm;
And round the throne themſelves in tumults ſpread,
To heave the crown from a long-ſufferer's head.
By example this that godlike king once knew,
And after, by experience, found too true.
Under Philiſtian lords we long had mourn'd,
When he, our great deliverer, return'd;
But thence the deluge of our tears did ceaſe,
The royal dove ſhew'd us ſuch marks of peace:
And when this land in blood he might have laid,
Brought balſam for the wounds ourſelves had made.
Though now, alas! in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
Then matrons bleſs'd him as he paſs'd along,
And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng:
On his each hand his royal brothers ſhone,
Like two ſupporters of Great Britain's throne:
The firſt, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
Of nature generous, and of ſtedfaſt mind,
To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
Reſerv'd in pleaſures, but in dangers bold,
Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
True to his friends, and watchful o'er his foes,
And a juſt value upon each beſtows:
Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's friend.
Now juſtly ſeated on th' imperial throne,
In which high ſphere no brighter ſtar e'er ſhone:

Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
Fill all his foes their just confusion meet,
And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!
The second, for debates in council fit,
Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit:
To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
Both men and books with curious search had read:
Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
And having form'd from all one curious piece,
Learnt thence what springs best move and guide a state.
And could with ease direct the heavy weight.
But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd,
And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd:
For oh! what pity, people bless'd as we
With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
Should so much of our old disease retain,
To make us surfeit into slaves again!
Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,
And serv'd so base a bondage to before;
Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.
Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse,
And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring chuse.
Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,
Though much the lion in his bosom prest:
But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
That his own passions knew him, and obey'd:
Master of them, he soften'd his command,
The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:
Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,
But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
So finely mix't, had Nature dar'd t' afford
One least perfection more, each had been ador'd.
Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave;
The paths of life by noblest methods trod;
Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god.
Though now alas! in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

In this great mind long be his cares revolv'd,
And long it was ere the great mind reſolv'd:
Till wearineſs at laſt his thoughts compos'd;
Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
But oh!
Through all this iſle, where it ſeems moſt deſign'd,
Nothing ſo hard as wiſh'd-for peace to find.
The elements due order here maintain,
And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain:
Cool ſhades and ſtreams, rich fertile lands abound,
And Nature's bounty flows the ſeaſons round.
But we, a wretched race of men, thus bleſt,
Of ſo much happineſs (if known, poſſeſt)
Miſtaking every nobleſt uſe of life,
Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
For the unwholeſome, brawling harlot, Strife.
The man in power, by wild ambition led,
Envy'd all honours on another's head;
And to ſupplant ſome rival, by his pride
Embroil'd that ſtate his wiſdom ought to guide.
The prieſts, who humble temperance ſhould poſſeſs,
Sought ſilken robes and fat voluptuous eaſe;
So, with ſmall labours in the vineyard ſhown,
Forſook God's harveſt to improve their own.
That dark ænigma (yet unriddled) law,
Inſtead of doing right, and giving awe,
Kept open liſts, and at the noiſy bar,
Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war,
Where daily kinſman, father, ſon, and brother,
Might damn their ſouls to ruin one another.
Hence cavils roſe 'gainſt Heaven's and Cæſar's cauſe,
From falſe religions and corrupted laws;
'Till ſo at laſt rebellions baſe was laid,
And God or king no longer were obey'd.
But that good angel, whoſe ſurmounting power
Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
Againſt whoſe care hell vainly did decree,
Nor faſter could deſign than that foreſee,
Guarding the crown upon his ſacred brow
From all its blackeſt arts, was with him now,

Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind.
By patience, mercies large, and many toils,
In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
Thence every root of discord to remove,
And plant us new with unity and love.
Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring shores,
Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars;
To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,
Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)
Like us the people, and like him their kings.
But now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid,
Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
A-while forgot, he might for ease repair:
A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains,
Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led,
Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
There tell, my muse, what wonders thou didst find,
Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind.
'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
On which that man of miracles was born,
At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare,
Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
Though now alas! in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
The voice of triumph on the hills was heard;
Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
And cheerful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.

But, above all, within those lofty towers,
Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,
Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face;
'Twas gay, but yet majestic as the place;
Tell then, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame,
A reverend * dome there stands, where twice each day
Assembling prophets their devotions pay,
In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal king,
The cornet, flute, and shawme, assisting as they sing.
Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount,
From the first tables of the holy mount,
To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
Here speak, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,
Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
When one approach'd who bore much sober grace,
Order and ceremony in his face;
A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys:
His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
Ready to open all to all that pay.
This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd
My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently spoke: "Those banners ‡ rais'd on high,
"Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
"Which here their heroes with religion make,
"When they the ensigns of this order take."
Then in due method made me understand
What honour fam'd St. George had done our land:
What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove;
Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love,

* St. George's Church. † St. George's Chapel.
‡ Of the Knights of the Garter.

Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms
Keep wrong ſuppreſt, and innocence from harms.
At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but ſhow;
That oft bold villany had beſt ſucceſs,
As if its uſe were more, nor merit leſs.
But here I ſaw how it rewarded ſhin'd,
Tell on, my muſe, what wonders thou didſt find
Worthy thy ſong and Charles's mighty mind.
I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, * a cell,
Where melancholy ruin ſeem'd to dwell,
The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward;
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found ſmall regard.
Like ſome old den, ſcarce viſited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey.
Here, in a heap of confus'd waſte, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
The ſpoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait:
The hero, levell'd in his humble grave,
With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
While here his trophies, like their maſter, lay,
To darkneſs, worms, and rottenneſs, a prey.
Urg'd by ſuch thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet;
Fell in his prince's and his country's cauſe;
But what is recompence? A ſhort applauſe,
Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
Till, ſoon forgot, another takes his place.
And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
Ere yet his virtue be become his pride;
Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his crime,
Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
But truly bleſt is he, whoſe ſoul can bear
The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care;
Whoſe mind no diſappointment here can ſhake,
Who a true eſtimate of life does make,

* An old iſle in the church, where the banner of a dead knight is carried, when another ſucceeds him.

Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
So to that prospect still his thoughts do bend;
Who, though his right a stronger power invade,
Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid,
Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;
Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave;
For who's a prince or beggar in the grave?
But if immortal any thing remain,
Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.
Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
And ease of every bitter weight I bear,
Keep from my soul repining, while I sing
The praise and honour of this glorious king;
And farther tell what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Beyond the Dome a * lofty tower appears,
Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years,
Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,
And, like his loyalty, without decay.
This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.
So careful watch seems piously to keep,
While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;
And they may rest, since † Norfolk there commands,
Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.
But now appears the ‡ beauteous seat of Peace,
Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease;
Where noble order strikes the greedy sight
With wonder, as it fills it with delight;
The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth,
Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had birth;
Or by the Theban founder they 'd been rais'd,
And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:
Such strength without does every where abound,
Within such glory and such splendor's found,
As man's united skill had there combin'd
T' express what one great genius had design'd.

* The Castle.
† The Duke of Norfolk, Constable of Windsor Castle
‡ The House.

Thus, when the happy world Auguſtus ſway'd,
Knowledge was cheriſh'd, and improvement made;
Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;
But, at his call, from fartheſt nations came,
While the immortal Muſes gave him fame.
Though when her far-ſtretch'd empire flouriſh'd moſt,
Rome never yet a work like this could boaſt:
No Cæſar e'er like Charles his pomp expreſs'd,
Nor ever were his nations half ſo bleſt:
Though now (alás!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
Here, as all nature's wealth to court him preſt,
Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Reſt.
Through all the lofty roofs * deſcrib'd we find
The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:
A theme that might the nobleſt fancy warm,
And only-fit for † his who did perform.
The walls adorn'd with richeſt woven gold,
Equal to what in temples ſhin'd of old,
Grac'd well the luſtre of his royal eaſe,
Whoſe empire reach'd throughout the wealthy ſeas;
Eaſe which he wiſely choſe, when raging arms
Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms:
For when wars troubled her ſoft fountains there,
She ſwell'd her ſtreams, and flow'd-in faſter here;
With her came Plenty, till our iſle ſeem'd bleſs'd
As Canaan's ſhore, where Iſrael's ſons found reſt.
Therefore, when cruel ſpoilers, who have hurl'd
Waſte and confuſion through the wretched world,
To after-times leave a great hated name,
The praiſe of Peace ſhall wait on Charles's fame;
His country's father, through whoſe tender care,
Like a lull'd babe ſhe ſlept, and knew no fear;
Who, when ſh' offended, oft would hide his eyes,
Nor ſee, becauſe it griev'd him to chaſtize,
But if ſubmiſſion brought her to his feet,
With what true joy the penitent he'd meet!

* The Paintings done by † The Sieur Verrio, his Majeſty's chief Painter.

How would his love ſtill with his juſtice ſtrive!
How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive!
But now, alas! in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
Since after all thoſe toils through which he ſtrove
By every art of moſt endearing love,
For his reward he had his Britain found,
The awe and envy of the nations round.
Muſe, then ſpeak more what wonders thou didſt find
Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind.
Tell now what emulation may inſpire,
And warm each Britiſh heart with warlike fire;
Call all thy ſiſters of the ſacred hill,
And by the painter's pencil guide my quill;
Deſcribe that lofty monumental * hall,
Where England's triumph's grace the ſhining wall,
When ſhe led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul.
Here when the ſons of Fame their leader meet,
And at their feaſts in pompous order ſit,
When the glad ſparkling bowl inſpires the board,
And high-rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,
Here as a leſſon may their eyes behold
What their victorious fathers did of old;
When their proud neighbours of the Gallic ſhore
Trembled to hear the Engliſh lion roar.
Here may they ſee how good old † Edward ſat,
And did his ‡ glorious ſon's arrival wait,
When from the fields of vanquiſh'd France he came,
Follow'd by ſpoils, and uſher'd in by Fame.
In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
Oh, for ſuch laurels on another head!
Unfoil'd with ſloth, nor yet o'ercloy'd with peace,
We had not then learn'd the looſe arts of eaſe.
In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
And with no foreign education curſt.
Their northern metal was preſerv'd with care,
Nor ſent for ſoftening into hotter air.

* Where St. George's Feaſt is kept.
† Edward III.
‡ The Black Prince.

Nor did they as now from fruitleſs travels come
With follies, vices, and diſeaſes home;
But in full purity of health and mind
Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
Had not falſe ſenates to thoſe ills diſpos'd
Which long had England's happineſs oppos'd
With ſtubborn faction and rebellious pride,
All means to ſuch a noble end deny'd,
To Britain, Charles this glory had reſtor'd,
And thoſe revolted nations own'd their lord.
But now, alas! in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
And now ſurvey what's open to our view,
Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due,
The * temple by this hero built behold,
Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;
Whoſe radiant roof ſuch glory does diſplay,
We think we ſee the heaven to which we pray;
So well the artiſt's hand has there declin'd
The merciful redemption of mankind;
The bright aſcenſion of the Son of God,
When back through yielding ſkies to heaven he rode,
With lightning round his head, and thunder where he trod.
Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given
Wiſdom, the greateſt gift of bounteous heaven;
A houſe like his he built, and temple rais'd,
Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;
With riches too and honours was he crown'd,
Nor, whilſt he liv'd, was there one like him found.
Therefore what once to Iſrael's lord was ſaid,
When Sheba's queen his glorious court ſurvey'd,
To Charles's fame for ever ſhall remain,
Who did as wond'rous things, who did as greatly reign.
"Happy were they who could before him ſtand,
"And ſaw the wiſdom of his dread command;"
For heaven reſolv'd, that much above the reſt
Of other nations Britain ſhould be bleſt.
Found him when baniſh'd from his ſacred right,
Try'd his great ſoul, and in it took delight.

* The Chapel at the end of the Hall.

Then to his throne in triumph him did bring,
Where never rul'd a wiſer, juſter king.
But now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall has praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muſe,
Now let her lead, nor will he ſure refuſe.
Two kindred arts they are, ſo near ally'd,
They oft have by each other been ſupply'd.
Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts incline
The works of Fame, let this be the deſign:
As thou could beſt great Charles's glory ſhow,
Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.
In a large ſcene, may give beholders awe,
The meeting of a numerous ſenate draw!
Over their heads a black diſtemper'd ſky,
And through the air let grinning Furies fly.
Charg'd with commiſſions of infernal date,
To raiſe fell diſcord and inteſtine hate;
From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
The ugliеſt ſnakes, and beſt-lov'd favourites there,
Then whirl them (ſpouting venom as they fall)
'Mongſt the aſſembled numbers of the hall;
There into murmuring boſoms let them go,
Till their infection to confuſion grow;
Till ſuch bold tumults and diſorders riſe, [ſkies.
As when the impious ſons of earth aſſail'd the threaten'd
But then let mighty Charles at diſtance ſtand,
His crown upon his head, and ſceptre in his hand;
To ſend abroad his word, or with a frown
Repel, and daſh th' aſpiring rebels down:
Unable to behold his dreaded ray,
Let them grow blind, diſperſe, and reel away;
Let the dark fiends the troubled air forſake,
And all new peaceful order ſeem to take.
But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng,
Rous'd with thoſe furies from her ſeat below,
T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow:
When cruel cares, by faithleſs ſubjects bred,
Too cloſely preſs'd his ſacred peaceful head;

With them t' have pointed her deſtroying dart,
And through the brain found paſſage to the heart.
Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven beſtow
On thoſe curs'd heads to whom this loſs we owe!
On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
And ſent him to the ſorrows of the grave!
  Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
The ſaddeſt ſcenes that weeping eyes e'er ſaw;
How on his royal bed that woeful day
The much-lamented mighty monarch lay;
Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king,
No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
Through many ſteady and well-manag'd years
He'd arm'd his mind 'gainſt all thoſe little fears
Which common mortals want the power to hide,
When their mean ſouls and valued clay divide.
He'd ſtudy'd well the worth of life, and knew
Its troubles many, and its bleſſings few:
Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches ſee,
And grew ſo familiar with his deſtiny;
Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate,
Who, as it knew him, ſeem'd content to wait,
Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
While he for his great journey did provide.
  Oh couldſt thou expreſs the yearnings of his mind
To his poor mourning people left behind!
But that I fear will ev'n thy ſkill deceive,
None but a ſoul like his ſuch goodneſs could conceive.
For though a ſtubborn race, deſerving ill,
Yet would he ſhew himſelf a father ſtill.
Therefore he choſe for that peculiar care,
His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir.
Great James, who to his throne does now ſucceed,
And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run aſtray,
And keep the foxes and the wolves away.
  Here, painter, if thou canſt, thy art improve,
And ſhew the wonders of fraternal love;
How mourning James by fading Charles did ſtand,
The dying graſping the ſurviving hand;

How round each other's necks their arms they caſt,
Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and embrac'd;
And of their parting pangs ſuch marks did give,
'Twas hard to gueſs which yet could longeſt live.
Both their ſad tongues quite loſt the power to ſpeak,
And their kind hearts ſeem'd both prepar'd to break.
Here let thy curious pencil next diſplay,
How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,
With their great father's bleſſing to be crown'd,
Like young fierce lions ſtretch'd upon the ground,
And in majeſtic ſilent ſorrow drown'd.
This done, ſuppoſe the ghaſtly minute nigh,
And paint the griefs of the ſad ſtanders-by;
Th' unweary'd reverend father's pious care,
Offering (as oft as tears could ſtop) a prayer.
Of kindred nobles draw a ſorrowing train,
Whoſe looks may ſpeak how much they ſhar'd his pain;
How from each groan of his, deriving ſmart,
Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
Mingled with theſe, his faithful ſervants place,
With different lines of woe in every face;
With downcaſt heads, ſwoln breaſts, and ſtreaming eyes,
And ſighs that mount in vain the unrelenting ſkies.
But yet there ſtill remains a taſk behind,
In which thy readieſt art may labour find.
At diſtance let the mourning queen appear,
(But where ſad news too ſoon may reach her ear;)
Deſcribe her proſtrate to the throne above,
Pleading with prayer the tender cauſe of love:
Shew troops of angels hovering from the ſky,
(For they, whene'er ſhe call'd, were always nigh)?
Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan,
With looks of beauteous ſadneſs, like her own,
Becauſe they know her lord's great doom is ſeal'd,
And cannot (though ſhe aſks it) be repeal'd.
By this time think the work of Fate is done,
So any farther ſad deſcription ſhun.
Shew him not pale and breathleſs on his bed,
'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;

And thou thyſelf to ſuch a ſcene of woe
Add a new piece, and thy own ſtatue grow.
Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
To draw a proſpect now of clearer air.
Paint in an eaſtern ſky new dawning day,
And there the embryos of time diſplay;
The forms of many ſmiling years to come,
Juſt ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb;
Each ſtruggling which ſhall elderſhip obtain,
To be firſt grac'd with mighty James's reign.
Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
Place too the charming partner of it there.
O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph ſpread,
And ſoft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head;
In his, paint ſmiling, yet majeſtic grace,
But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
Then from the different corners of the earth
Deſcribe applauding nations coming forth,
Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auſpicious omens from his reign.
Set at long diſtance his contracted foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppoſe;
Draw ſhame or mean deſpair in all their eyes,
And terror leſt th' avenging hand ſhould riſe.
But where his ſmiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
The poor man's chearful toils, the rich man's eaſe;
Here, ſhepherds piping to their feeding ſheep,
Or ſtretch'd at length in their warm huts aſleep;
There jolly hinds ſpread through the ſultry fields,
Reaping ſuch harveſts as their tillage yields;
Or ſhelter'd from the ſcorchings of the ſun,
Their labours ended, and repaſt begun;
Rang'd on green banks, which they themſelves did raiſe,
Singing their own content, and ruler's praiſe.
Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,
Where contemplation beſt may paſs her hours:
Fill'd with chaſte lovers plighting conſtant hearts,
Rejoicing Muſes, and encourag'd Arts.
Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
Beſt ſuiting with thy theme, great James's fame.

Known for the man who from his youthful years,
By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears;
Whoſe conquering arm far-envy'd wonders wrought,
When an ungrateful people's cauſe he fought;
When for their rights he his brave ſword employ'd,
Who in return would have his rights deſtroy'd:
But heaven ſuch injur'd merit did regard
(As heaven in time true virtue will reward);
So to a throne by Providence he roſe,
And all who e'er were his, were Providence's foes.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to reſiſt I had no will,
And now I have no power.

II.

To ſigh, and wiſh, is all my eaſe;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
nough to melt the coldeſt ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breaſt,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly ſteal the reſt.

THE
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE:
OR,
A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

"Si quid habent veri vatum præſagia, vivam."

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY,

BARON OF MOOR PARK, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuſe for a preſumpotion of this nature than I have now, yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordſhip's goodneſs muſt be my beſt refuge; and therefore I humbly caſt this at your feet for protection, and myſelf for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the beſt of my heart I have here publiſhed in ſome meaſure the truth, and I would have it thought honeſtly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now); yet truth and honour are things which your lordſhip needs muſt be kind to, becauſe they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a ſecond preſumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordſhip; for it would require more art to do your virtue juſtice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the preſent ſufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordſhip I hope to add a

ſecond part, and do all thoſe great and good men juſtice; that have, in his calamities, ſtuck faſt to ſo gallant a friend and ſo good a maſter. To write and finiſh which great ſubject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordſhip's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at leaſt pardon, in what I have done, will be the greateſt pride of,

My Lord,

Your moſt humble admirer and ſervant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

ODE

TO a high hill, where never yet ſtood tree,
Where only heath, coarſe fern, and furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing air)
The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
Which did too much his penſive mind amaze,
A wandering bard, whoſe Muſe has crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauſeous follies of the buzzing town,
Came, look'd about him, ſigh'd, and laid him down.
'Twas far from any path, but where the earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
When by the word it firſt was made,
Ere God had ſaid,
Let graſs, and herbs, and every green thing grow,
With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was ſo.
The whiſtling winds blew fiercely round his head,
Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he caſt;
Where we are told Peace only's found at laſt:
And as he did its hopeleſs diſtance ſee,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:
The diſtance of his future joy
Had been enough to give him pain alone;
But who can undergo,
Deſpair of eaſe to come, with weight of preſent woe!
Down his afflicted face
The trickling tears had ſtream'd ſo faſt apace,
As left a path worn by their briny race
Swoln was his breaſt with ſighs, his well-
Proportion'd limbs as uſeleſs fell,
Whilſt the poor trunk (unable to ſuſtain
Itſelf) lay rack'd, and ſhaking with his pain.
I heard his groans as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aſide to ſee,
What the ſad cauſe could be [high,
Had preſs'd his ſtate ſo low, and rais'd hisplaints ſo

On me he fix'd his eyes. I crav'd,
Why so forlorn? he vainly rav'd.
Peace to his mind I did commend:
But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my friend,
My much lov'd friend, so down I sat,
And begg'd that I might share his fate:
I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale:

III.

I am a wretch of honest race;
My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were:
They left me heir to no disgrace.
My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair;
The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much lov'd fondled boy:
They gave me generous education; high
They strove to raise my mind; and with it grew their joy.
The sages that instructed me in arts
And knowledge, oft' would praise my parts,
And cheer my parents' longing hearts:
When I was call'd to a dispute,
My fellow-pupils oft stood mute:
Yet never envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine.
Thus my first years in happiness I past,
Nor any bitter cup did taste:
But, oh! a deadly portion came at last.
As I lay loosely on my bed,
A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my head,
And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my ears: Arise, thy good Senander's dead,
It shook my brain, and from their feast my frighted senses fled.

IV.

From thence ſad diſcontent, uneaſy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with ſucceeding years.
The world was wide, but whither ſhould I go?
I, whoſe blooming hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
To Britain's great metropolis I ſtray'd,
Where Fortune's general game is play'd;
Where honeſty and wit are often prais'd,
But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
My forward ſpirit prompted me to find
A converſe equal to my mind:
But by raw judgment eaſily miſled,
(As giddy callow boys
Are very fond of toys)
I miſs'd the brave and wiſe, and in their ſtead,
On every ſort of vanity I fed.
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
Bullies of o'ergrown bulk and little ſouls,
Gameſters, half-wits, and ſpendthrifts (ſuch as think
Miſchievous midnight frolics, bred by drink
Are gallantry and wit,
Becauſe to their lewd underſtandings fit)
Where thoſe wherewith two years at leaſt I ſpent,
To all their fulſome follies moſt incorrigibly bent;
Till at the laſt, myſelf more to abuſe,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muſe.

V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd ſuch charms,
T'enſnare a tender youth, and win his heart;
Or, when ſhe had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
No beauty, with my Muſe's might compare.
Lofty ſhe ſeem'd, and on her front ſat a majeſtic air,
Awful, yet kind; ſevere yet fair.
Upon her head a crown ſhe bore,
Of laurel, which ſhe told me ſhould be mine;

And round her ivory neck she wore
A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine
With jewels and with' gold,
Numberless to be told;
Which in imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, these riches all, my darling, shall be thine,
Riches which never poet had before.
She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
By royal favour, and by endless fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus, by the arts of this most sly
Deluder, was I caught;
To her bewitching bondage brought.
Eternal constancy we swore
A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:
And as we did in our entrancements lie,
I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond
When first his pusillage he lost,
Or could of half my pleasure boast;
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still transported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, closets, fields, and groves,
Bore witness of our daily loves;
And on the bark of ev'ry tree
You might the marks of our endearments see.
Distiches, posies, and the pointed bits
Of satire (written when a poet meets
His Muse's caterwauling fits)
You might on ev'ry rhind behold, and swear
I and my Clio had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muse too, I was blest
With offsprings of the choicest kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
And been approv'd by judgments of the best.

But in this moſt tranſporting height,
Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd at fate,
All of a ſudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me look'd, and found myſelf alone;
My faithleſs Muſe, my faithleſs Muſe was gone;
I try'd if I a verſe could frame:
Oft I, in vain, invok'd my Clio's name.
The more I ſtrove, the more I fail'd,
I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curs'd my dull ſkull, and rail'd,
Reſolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the laſt prevail'd.
A line came forth, but ſuch a one,
No trav'ling matron in her child-birth pains;
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a ſon,
Was more aſtoniſh'd at th' unlook'd-for ſhape
Of ſome deform'd baboon, or ape,
Than I was at the hideous iſſue of my brains.
I tore my paper, ſtabb'd my pen,
And ſwore I'd never write again,
Reſolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
But when my reck'ning I began to make,
I found too long I'd ſlept, and was too late awake;
I found m'ungrateful Muſe, for whoſe falſe ſake
I did myſelf undo,
Had robb'd me of my deareſt ſtore,
My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;
And left me helpleſs, friendleſs, very proud and poor.

VII.

Reaſon, which in baſe bonds my folly had enthrall'd,
I ſtraight to council call'd;
Like ſome old faithful friend, whom long ago
I had caſhier'd, to pleaſe my flatt'ring fair.
To me with readineſs he did repair.
Expreſs'd much tender cheerfulneſs, to find
Experience had reſtor'd him to my mind;
And loyally did to me ſhew
How much himſelf he did abuſe,
Who credited a flattering, falſe, deſtructive, treacherous Muse.

I aſk'd the cauſes why. He ſaid,
'Twas never known a Muſe e'er ſtaid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd
To all the Nine that on Parnaſſus dwell,
Where thoſe ſo fam'd delightful fountains ſwell,
Of poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where wit's luſty, ſhining god
Keeps his choice ſeraglio.
So whilſt our fortune ſmiles our thoughts aſpire,
Pleaſure and fame's our buſineſs and deſire,
Then, too, if we find
A promptneſs in the mind,
The Muſe is always ready, always kind.
But if th' old harlot Fortune once denies
Her favour, all our pleaſures and rich fancy dies.
And then th' young, ſlippery jilt, the Muſe, too from us flies.

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due!
And as right ſearch into myſelf I made,
I found all he had ſaid
Was very honeſt, very true.
O how I hugg'd my welcome friend;
And much my muſe I could not diſcommend!
For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchſaf'd to let me ſee her face.
Then, to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes;
See here, my ſon, ſaid he, the valued prize,
Thy fulſome Muſe behold, be happy, and be wiſe.
I look'd, and ſaw the rampart tawdry queen,
With a more horrid train
Than ever yet to ſatire lent a tale,
Or haunted Chloris in the mall.
The firſt was he who ſtunk of that rank verſe
In which he wrote his Sodom farce;
A wretch whom old diſeaſes did ſo bite,
That he writ bawdry ſure in ſpite,
To ruin and diſgrace it quite.

Philoſophers of old did ſo expreſs
Their art, and ſhew'd it in their naſtineſs.
Next him appear'd that blundering ſot,
Who a late Seſſion of the Poets wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.
The other birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the night,
And only in the dark he ſtrays;
Still wretch enough to live: with worſe fools ſpends his days,
And for old ſhoes and ſcraps repeats dull plays.
The next there follow'd, to make up the throng,
Lord Lampoon, and Monſieur Song,
Who ſought her love, and promis'd for't,
To make her famous at the court.
The city poet too was there,
In a black ſatin cap and his own hair,
And begg'd that he might have the honour
To beget a pageant on her
For the city's next lord mayor.
Her favours ſhe to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aſide.
Till at the laſt up in the rear there came
The Poet's ſcandal, and the Muſe's ſhame.
A beaſt of monſtrous guiſe, and Libel was his name:
But let me pauſe, for 'twill aſk time to tell
How he was born, how bred, and where, and where he now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
Down in an obſcure vale,
'Midſt fogs, and fens, where miſts and vapours riſe,
Where never ſun was ſeen by eyes,
Under a deſert wood,
Which no man own, but all wild beaſts were bred,
And kept their horid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
An ill-pil'd cottage ſtood,
Built of men's bones, ſlaughter'd in civil war,
By magic art brought thither from afar,

There liv'd a widow'd witch,
That us'd to mumble curſes eve and morn,
Like one whom wants and care had worn;
Meagre her looks, and ſunk her eyes,
Yet miſchiefs ſtudy'd, diſcords did deviſe.
Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride:
Slow in her ſpeech, in ſemblance ſanctified.
Still when ſhe ſpoke ſhe meant another way;
And when ſhe curs'd ſhe ſeem'd to pray.
Her helliſh charms had all a holy dreſs,
And bore the name of godlineſs;
All her familiars ſeem'd the ſons of Peace.
Honeſt habits they all wore,
In outward ſhew moſt lamb-like and divine:
But inward of all vices they had ſtore,
Greedy as wolves, and ſenſual too as ſwine.
Like her, the ſacred ſcriptures they all had by heart;
Moſt eaſily could quote, and turn to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
And, for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure,
Becauſe, beſides herſelf, no idol ſhe'd endure.
Though not to paint, ſhe'd arts to change the face,
And alter it in heavenly faſhion,
Lewd whining ſhe defin'd a mark of grace,
And making ugly faces was mortification.
Her late dead pander was of well known fame,
Old Preſbyter Rebellion was his name:
She a ſworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſs us!) the good old cauſe.

X.

A time there was (a ſad one too)
When all things wore the face of woe,
When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
And a deſtroying angel was ſent down,
To ſcourge the pride of this rebellious town.
He came, and o'er all Britain ſtretch'd his conquering hand:

Till in th' untrodden ſtreets unwholeſome graſs
Grew of great ſtalk, its colour groſs,
And melancholic poiſonous green;
Like thoſe coarſe ſickly weeds on an old dunghill ſeen,
Where ſome murrain-murder'd hog,
Poiſon'd cat, or ſtrangled dog,
In rottenneſs had long unbury'd laid,
And the cold ſoil productive made.
Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
And by their cries bade us for graves prepare;
And as our deſtiny they ſeem'd t'unfold,
Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.
That dire commiſſion ended, down there came
Another angel, with a ſword of flame:
Deſolation ſoon he made,
And our new Sodom low in aſhes laid.
Diſtractions and diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,
When, in her pious old diſguiſe,
This witch, with all her miſchief-making train,
Began to ſhew herſelf again.
The ſons of Old Rebellion ſtraight ſhe ſummon'd all;
Straight they were ready at her call:
Once more th' old bait before their eyes ſhe caſt,
That and her love they long'd to taſte;
And to her luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.
So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)
Was led aſtray, and had pollutions with his father's whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
In ſafety from obſerving eyes,
Th' old ſtrumpet did herſelf diſguiſe
In comely weeds, and to the city went,
Affected truth, much modeſty, and grace,
And, like a worn out ſuburb trull, paſs'd there for a new face.
Thither all her lovers flock'd,
And there for her ſupport ſhe found
A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much doth ſound,
With all ingredients for his buſineſs ſtock'd,

Not unlike him whoſe ſtory has a place
In the annals of Sir Hudibras.
Of all her buſineſs he took care,
And every knave or ſoul that to her did repair
Had by him admittance there.
By his contrivance to her did reſort
All who had been diſguſted at the court.
Thoſe whoſe ambition had been croſt,
Or by ill manners had preferments loſt,
Were thoſe on whom ſhe practis'd moſt her charms,
Lay neareſt to her heart, and oftneſt in her arms.
Intereſt in every faction, every ſect, ſhe ſought;
And to her lure, flattering their hopes, ſhe brought
All thoſe who uſe religion for a faſhion,
All ſuch as practiſe forms, and take great pains
To make their godlineſs their gains,
And thrive by the diſtractions of a nation,
She by her art enſnar'd and fetter'd in her chains.
Through her the Atheiſt hop'd to purchaſe toleration,
The rebel power, the beggar'd ſpendthrift lands,
Out of the king's or biſhop's hands.
Nay, to her ſide at laſt ſhe drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong multitude:
Promis'd ſtrange liberties, and ſure redreſs
Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:
Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
With May-day routs, November ſquibs, and burning
paſteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common luſt did mingle all the crew,
Till at the laſt ſhe pregnant grew,
And from her womb, in little time brought forth,
This monſtrous and deteſted birth.
Of children born with teeth we've heard,
And ſome like comets with a beard;
Which ſeem'd to be forerunners of dire change;
But never hitherto was ſeen,
Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch queen,
A form like this, ſo hideous and ſo ſtrange.

To help whoſe mother in her pains there came
Many a well-known dame.
The bawd Hypocriſy was there,
And Madam Impudence the fair:
Dame Scandal with her ſquinting eyes,
That loves to ſet good neighbours at debate,
And raiſe commotions in a jealous ſtate,
Was there, and Malice, queen of far ſpread lies,
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.
But midwife Mutiny, that buſy drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was ſhe that firſt took up the babe,
And of the office moſt was proud.
Behold its head of horrid form appears:
To ſpite the pillory, it had no ears.
When ſtraight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas ſurely kin
To the bleſt family of Pryn.
But Scandal offered to depoſe her word,
Or oath, her father was a lord.
The noſe was ugly, long, and big,
Broad and ſnouty, like a pig;
Which ſhew'd he would in dunghills love to dig;
Lov'd to caſt ſtinking ſatires up in ill pil'd rhymes,
And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful youth to make him,
To nurſe he ſtraight was ſent
To a ſiſter-witch, though of another ſort,
One who profeſt no good, nor any meant;
All day ſhe practis'd charms, by night ſhe hardly ſlept,
Yet in the outcaſts of a northern factious town,
A little ſmoky manſion of her own,
Where her familiars to her did reſort,
A cell ſhe kept.
Hell ſhe ador'd, and Satan was her god;
And many an ugly loathſome toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her roof all diſmal, black, and ſmok'd,

Harbour'd beetles, and unwholeſome bats,
Sprawling neſts of little cats;
All which were imps ſhe cheriſh'd with her blood,
To make her ſpells ſucceed, and good.
Still at her ſhrivell'd breaſts they hung, whene'er mankind ſhe curſt,
And with theſe foſter-brethren was our monſter nurſt.
In little time the hell-bred brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his leading ſtrings could walk,
And (as the ſorcereſs taught him) talk.
At ſeven years old he went to ſchool,
Where firſt he grew a foe to rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But ſtill new ways affected, and new methods ſought.
Not that he wanted parts
T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts;
But, as negligent as ſly,
Of all perverſeneſs brutiſhly was full,
(By nature idle) lov'd to ſhift and lie,
And was obſtinately dull.
Till, ſpite of Nature, through great pains, the ſot
(And th' influence of the ill-genius of our land)
At laſt in part began to underſtand.
Some inſight in the Latin tongue he got;
Could ſmatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.
For which his guardians all think fit,
In compliment to his moſt hopeful wit,
He ſhould be ſent to learn the laws,
And out of the good old to raiſe a damn'd new cauſe.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,
As by Nature he was bent
To ſearch in hidden paths, and things long bury'd find,
A wretch's converſe much he did frequent:
One who this world, as that did him, diſown,
And in an unfrequented corner, where
Nothing was pleaſant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life.

Needy, and e'en of neceſſaries bare,
No ſervant had he, children, friend, or wife:
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good deteſted, and believ'd no God)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
With which of beggars ſcraps he bought.
Then from a neighbouring fountain water got,
Not to be clean, but ſlake his thirſt.
He never bleſt himſelf, and all things elſe he curſt.
The cell in which he (though but ſeldom) ſlept,
Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unſwept:
And there thoſe jewels which he lov'd he kept;
Old worn out ſtatutes, and records
Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
But bound up by themſelves with care were laid
All the acts, reſolves, and orders, made
By the old long Rump-parliament,
Through all the changes of its government:
From which with readineſs he could debate
Concerning matters of the ſtate,
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

XV.

His friendſhip much our monſter ſought
By inſtinct, and by inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him obedience Libel ſwore, and by him was he taught.
He learn'd of him all goodneſs to deteſt;
To be aſham'd of no diſgrace;
In all things but obedience to be beaſt;
To hide a coward's heart, and ſhew a hardy face.
He taught him to call government a clog,
But to bear beatings like a dog:
T' have no religion, honeſty, or ſenſe,
But to profeſs them all for a pretence,
Fraught with theſe morals, he began
To complete him more for man:

Diſtinguiſh'd to him in an hour
'Twixt legiſlative and judicial power;
How to frame a commonwealth,
And democracy, by ſtealth:
To palliate it at firſt, and cry,
'Twas but a well mixt monarchy,
And treaſon *ſalus populi*:
Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of aſſociation;
How by a lawful means to bring
In arms againſt himſelf the king,
With a diſtinguiſhing old trick,
'Twixt perſons natural and politic;
How to make faithful ſervants traitors,
Thorough-pac'd rebels legiſlators,
And at laſt troopers adjutators.
Thus well inform'd, and furniſh'd with enough
Of ſuch like wordy, canting ſtuff,
Our blade ſet forth, and quickly grew
A leader in a factious crew.
Where'er he came, 'twas he firſt ſilence broke,
And ſwell'd with every word he ſpoke,
By which becoming ſaucy grace,
He gain'd authority and place:
By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treaſon without fear or wit;
For opening failings in the ſtate;
For loving noiſy and unſound debate,
And wearing of a myſtical green ribband in his hat.

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's ſkin,
He very dreadful grew,
But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
And th' hero to his diſtaff drew,
His foes that found him ſaw he was but man.
So when my faithleſs Clio by her ſnare
Had brought him to her arms, and I ſurpris'd him there,
At once to hate and ſcorn him I began;

To ſee how fooliſhly ſhe'd dreſt,
And for diverſion trick'd the beaſt,
He was poetry all o'er,
On ev'ry ſide, behind, before:
About him nothing could I ſee,
But party-colour'd poetry.
Painter's devices, litanies,
Ballads, and all the ſpurious exceſs
Of ills that malice could deviſe,
Or ever ſwarm'd from a licentious preſs,
Hung round about him like a ſpell:
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern wit,
The country's late appeal.
But from ſuch ills when will our wretched ſtate
Be freed? and who ſhall cruſh this ſerpent's head?
'Tis ſaid we may in ancient legends read
Of a huge dragon ſent by fate
To lay a ſinful kingdom waſte:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he paſt,
And each day with a virgin broke his faſt:
Till wretched matrons curſt their womb,
So hardly was their loſs endur'd;
The lovers all deſpair'd, and ſought their tombs
In the ſame monſter's jaws, and of their pains were cur'd.
Till, like our monſter too, and with the ſame
Curſt ends, to the metropolis he came;
His cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a maid was ſlain.
The curſe through every family had paſt,
When to the ſacrifice at laſt,
Th' unhappy monarchs only child muſt bow:
A royal daughter needs muſt ſuffer then, a royal brother now.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will pray;
On him has caſt
His ſordid venom, and profan'd
With ſpurious verſe his ſpotleſs fame,

Which ſhall for ever ſtand
Unblemiſh'd, and to ages laſt,
When all his foes lie buried in their ſhame.
Elſe tell me why, ſome prophet that is wiſe,
Heaven took ſuch care
To make him ev'ry thing that's rare,
Dear to the heart, deſirous to the eyes.
Why do all good men bleſs him as he goes?
Why at his preſence ſhrink his foes?
Why do the brave all ſtrive his honour to defend?
Why through the world is he to be diſtinguiſh'd moſt
By titles, which but few can boaſt,
A moſt juſt maſter, and a faithful friend?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of him what orphan can complain?
Of him what widow make her moan?
But ſuch as wiſh him here again,
And miſs his goodneſs now he's gone,
If this be (as I'm ſure 'tis) true;
Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the world's eſteem,
Not one man's foe? and then why are not all men
friends with him?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was ſet at ſtake
For his ungrateful country's ſake,
What dangers or what labours did they ever ſhun?
Or what wonders has not done?
Watchful all night, and buſy all the day,
(Spreading his fleet in ſight of Holland's ſhore)
Triumphantly ye ſaw his flags and ſtreamers play.
Then did the Engliſh lion roar,
Whilſt the Belgian couchant lay,
Big with the thoughts of conqueſt and renown,
Of Britain's honour, and his own,
To them he like a threatning comet ſhin'd;
Rough as the ſea, and furious as the wind;
But conſtant as the ſtars that never move,
Or as women would have love.

The trembling genius of their ſtate
Look'd out, and ſtraight ſhrunk back his head,
To ſee our daring banners ſpread:
Whilſt in their harbours they
Like batten'd monſters weltering lay;
The winds, when ours th' had kiſs'd, ſcorn'd with their flags to play;
But, drooping like their captain's hearts,
Each pendant, every ſtreamer hung;
The ſeamen ſeem'd t' have loſt their arts;
Their ſhips at anchor now, of which we had heard them boaſt,
With ill furl'd ſails and rattling looſe, by every billow toſt,
Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unſtrung;
Till at the laſt, provok'd with ſhame,
Forth from their dens the baited foxes came,
Foxes in council, and in fight too grave,
Seldom true, and now not brave:
They bluſter'd out the day with ſhew of fight,
And ran away in the goodnatur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,
And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought,
With ſpoils of victory and glory fraught.
To him then every heart was open, down
From the great man to the clown:
In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd;
And as his health round the glad board did paſs,
Each honeſt fellow cry'd, fill full my glaſs;
And ſhew'd the fulneſs of his mind.
No diſcontented vermin of ill times
Durſt then affront him but in ſhow;
Nor Libel daſh him with his dirty rhymes;
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whoſe heart would not wiſh ſo too,
That had but ſeen
When his tumultuous miſled foes
Againſt him roſe.
With what heroic grace

He chose the weight of wrong to undergo!
No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
True witness of the innocence within.
But, when the messengers did mandates bring
For his retreat to foreign land,
Since sent from the relenting hand
Of the most loving brother, kindest king;
If in his heart regret did rise,
It never scap'd his tongue or eyes;
With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
Sad as the business, sullen too
As proud men, when in vain they woo,
Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
The court, whence pleasure us'd to flow,
Became the scene of mourning and of woe:
Desolate was every room,
Where men for news and business us'd to come;
With folded arms and downcast eyes men walk'd
In corners, and with caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
When he must part: his last short time was spent
In leaving blessings on his children dear:
To them with eager haste and love he went;
The eldest first embraced,
As new-born day in beauty bright,
But sad in mind as deepest night;
What tendrest hearts could say, betwixt them past,
Till grief too close upon them crept;
So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
Much of the father in his breast did rise,
When on the next he fix'd his eyes,
A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty charms;
And as to give the farewel kiss he near it drew,
About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.
The appointed time was almoſt paſt,
Th' impatient tides knock'd at the ſhore, and bid him haſte
To ſeek a foreign home;
The ſummons he reſolv'd t' obey,
Diſdaining of his ſuffering to complain,
Though every ſtep ſeem'd trod with pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way
By a ſad lamenting throng,
That bleſt him, and about him hung.
A weight his gen'rous heart could hardly bear;
But for the comfort that was near,
His beauteous mate, the fountain of his joys,
That fed his ſoul with love;
The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
To which all wordly bleſſings elſe are toys.
I ſaw them ready for departure ſtand;
Juſt when approach'd the Monarch of our land,
And took the charming mourner by the hand:
T' expreſs all nobleſt offices he ſtrove,
Of royal goodneſs, and a brother's love.
Then down to the ſhore ſide,
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
With ſolemn pace they paſs'd,
And there ſo tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by ſympathy to ſee them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-ſtander's heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round to face their fate;
She, ev'n amidſt afflictions, fair,
He, though oppreſt, ſtill great.
Into th' expecting boat with haſte they went,
Where, as the troubled fair-one to the ſhore ſome wiſhes ſent
For that dear pledge ſhe'd left behind,
And as her paſſion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of ſome tears her eyes beguil'd,

Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kiſs'd away,
And, as ſhe wept, bluſhed with diſdain, and ſmil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high ſwoln Thames;
The well ſtruck oars lave up the yielding ſtreams.
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wiſhing ſtood;
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till leſſen'd out of ſight, and ſeen no more,
Then ſigh'd, and turn'd into the hated ſhore.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

The Argument.

Theſeus, the ſon of Aegeus, having ſlain the Minotaur, promiſed to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Paſiphæ, for the aſſiſtance which ſhe gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; ſo, together with her ſiſter Phædra they went on board and ſailed to Chios, where, being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her ſiſter Phædra, who afterwards, in Theſeus her huſband's abſence, fell in love with Hippolytus her ſon-in-law, who had vowed celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, ſince ſhe could not conveniently otherwiſe, ſhe choſe by this epiſtle to give him an account of her paſſion.

IF thou'rt unkind I ne'er ſhall health enjoy,
Yet much I wiſh to thee, my lovely boy;
Read this, and reading how my ſoul is ſeiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus ſecrets ſafe to fartheſt ſhores may move;
By letters foes converſe, and learn to love.
Thrice my ſad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring tongue abortive dy'd;
Long ſhame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I bluſh'd to ſpeak, Love made me write.
'Tis dangerous to reſiſt the pow'r of Love,
The gods obey him, and he's king above;
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breaſt of thine
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll loſe no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it fair.
But love long breeding to worſt pain does turn:
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young bull, or courſer, yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridl'd firſt, are pinch'd and maim'd;
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No reſt, th' unwonted weight ſo toils my mind:
When young, Love's pangs by arts we may remove,
But in our riper years with rage we love.
To thee I yield, then, all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown bluſhing roſe,
On the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?

But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run;
'Tis not a sin but when 'tis coarsely done.
And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,
I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
Believe me too, with strange desires I change,
Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.
To thy delights and Delia I incline,
Make her my goddess too, because she's thine;
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
Shaking my dart; then, the chase ended, lye
Stretch'd on the grass, and wouldst not thou be by?
Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride,
And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they
When under Ida's hills they offerings pay:
E'en mad as those the deities of night
And water, Fauns and Dryads do affright,
But still each little interval I gain,
Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame?
She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
The faithless Theseus, by my sister's aid,
The monster slew, and a safe conquest made:
Now, in that family, my right to save,
I am at last on the same terms a slave;
'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
Let monuments of triumph then be shewn
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid;

OTWAY.

Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came
And to a bull transform'd enjoy'd the dame.

Vide Phaedra to Hippolytus. Page 50.

Engraved for C. Cooke, March 4 1797.

Painted by T. Kirk and Engrav'd by J. Neagle.

'Twas there thou didſt a perfect conqueſt gain,
Whilſt love's fierce fever rag'd in ev'ry vein:
White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
A modeſt bluſh thy comely face o'erſpread:
That face, which may be terrible in arms,
But graceful ſeem'd to me, and full of charms:
I love the man whoſe faſhion's leaſt his care,
And hate my ſex's coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilſt thus plain thy careleſs locks let fly,
Th' unpoliſh'd form is beauty in my eye.
If thou but ride, or ſhake the trembling dart,
I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
To ſee thee poiſe the javelin moves delight,
And all thou doſt is lovely in my ſight:
But to the woods thy cruelty reſign,
Nor treat it with ſo poor a life as mine.
Muſt cold Diana be ador'd alone,
Muſt ſhe have all thy vows, and Venus none?
That pleaſure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble ſtrong.
For Cynthia's ſake unbend and eaſe thy bow,
Elſe to thy arm 'twill weak and uſeleſs grow.
Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
And by him many a boar and pard was ſlain,
Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
Who wiſely left old age, for youth like thine.
Under the ſpreading ſhades her amorous boy,
The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;
Atalanta's love too Meleager ſought,
And to her tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next bleſt ſylvan pair;
Where love's a ſtranger, woods but deſerts are.
With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,
I'll rove, and fearleſs face the dreadful boar.
Between two ſeas a little iſthmus lies,
Where on each ſide the beating billows riſe,
There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
More bleſs'd and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
As we could wiſh, old Theſius is away
At Theſſaly, where always let him ſtay

With his Perithoüs, whom well I ſee
Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
Nor has he only thus expreſt his hate:
We both have ſuffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My brother firſt he cruelly did ſlay,
Then from my ſiſter falſly ran away,
And left expos'd to ev'ry beaſt a prey:
A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
A mother worthy of a ſon ſo brave,
From cruel Theſeus yet her death did find,
Nor, though ſhe gave him thee, could make him kind.
Unwedded too he murder'd her in ſpight,
To baſtardize, and rob thee of thy right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two ſons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault:
Rather, thou faireſt thing the earth contains,
I wiſh at firſt I'd dy'd of mother's pains.
How canſt thou reverence then thy father's bed,
From which himſelf ſo abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and ſon are notions, very names
Of worn-out piety, in faſhion then
When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
But braver Jove taught pleaſure was no ſin,
And with his ſiſter did himſelf begin.
Nearneſs of blood and kindred beſt we prove,
When we expreſs it in the cloſeſt love.
Nor need we fear our fault ſhould be reveal'd;
'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our loves, with praiſe ſhall crown
A mother's kindneſs, to a grateful ſon.
No need at midnight in the dark to ſtray,
T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love this way!
No buſy ſpies our pleaſures to betray
But in one houſe, as heretofore we'll live;
In public, kiſſes take: in public, give;
Though in my bed thou'rt ſeen, 'twill gain applauſe
From all, whilſt none have ſenſe to gueſs the cauſe:
Only make haſte, and let this league be ſign'd;
So may my tyrant love to thee be kind,

For this I am a humble ſuppliant grown;
Now where are all my boaſts of greatneſs gone?
I ſwore I ne'er would yield, reſolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's ſeldom in the right;
Now on my own I crawl to claſp thy knees;
What's decent no true lover cares or ſees:
Shame, like a beaten ſoldier, leaves the place,
But beauty's bluſhes ſtill are in my face.
Forgive this fond confeſſion which I make,
And then ſome pity on my ſufferings take.
What though 'midſt ſeas my father's empire lies;
Though my great grandſire thunder from the ſkies;
What though my father's fire in beams dreſt gay
Drives round the burning chariot of the day;
Their honour all in me to Love's a ſlave,
Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour ſave.
Jove's famous iſland, Crete, in dower I'll bring,
And there ſhall my Hippolytus be king:
For Venus' ſake then hear and grant my prayer,
So may'ſt thou never love a ſcornful fair;
In fields ſo may Diana grace thee ſtill,
And every wood afford thee game to kill;
So may the mountain gods, and ſatyrs all
Be kind; ſo may the boar before thee fall;
So may the water nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their ſex deſpiſe, thy thirſt allay,
Millions of tears to theſe my prayers I join,
Which as thou read'ſt with thoſe dear eyes of thine,
Think that thou ſee'ſt the ſtreams that flow from mine.

EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE.

MY much lov'd friend, when thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light deſpiſe!
Night, kinder night's the much more welcome gueſt,
For though it bring ſmall eaſe, it hides at leaſt;
Or if e'er ſlumbers and my eyes agree,
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleaſing dreams of thee.
Laſt night methought (heaven make the next as kind!)
Free as firſt innocence, and unconfin'd
As our firſt parent in their Eden were,
Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
We two together wander'd through a grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all ſhade above,
Mild as our friendſhip, ſpringing as our love;
Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,
And ſung their joyful ſongs of liberty;
While through the gladſome choir well pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our preſent valu'd ſtate thus talk'd:
How happy are we in this ſweet retreat?
Thus humbly bleſt, who'd labour to be great?
Who for preferments, at a court would wait,
Where every gudgeons nibbling at the bait?
What fiſh of ſenſe would on that ſhallow lie,
Amongſt the little ſtarving wriggling fry,
That throng and crowd each other for a taſte
Of the deceitful, painted, poiſon'd paſte;
When the wide river he behind him ſees,
Where he may launch to liberty and eaſe?
No cares or buſineſs here diſturb our hours,
While, underneath theſe ſhady peaceful bowers,
In cool delight and innocence we ſtray,
And midſt a thouſand pleaſures waſte the day;
Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
Where ſkimming ſwallows o'er the ſurface fly,
Juſt as the ſun, declining with his beams,
Kiſſes and gently warms the gliding ſtreams;

Amidſt whoſe current riſing fiſhes play,
And roll in wanton liberty away.
Perhaps hard by there grows a little buſh,
On which the linnet, nightingale, and thruſh,
Nightly their ſolemn orgies meeting keep,
And ſing their veſpers e'er they go to ſleep:
There we two lie, between us may be's ſpread
Some books, few underſtand, tho' many read.
Sometimes we Virgil's ſacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wondering, and ſtill finding cauſe for more.
How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
Then how he had revenge upon her ſex
In Dido's ſtate, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd:
He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
And ſcorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
Next Niſus and Euryalus we admire,
Their gentle friendſhip, and their martial fire;
We praiſe their valour, 'cauſe yet match'd by none,
And love their friendſhip, ſo much like our own.
But when to give our minds a feaſt indeed,
Horace, beſt known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our tranſports, or our longings tell,
To taſte of pleaſures, prais'd by him ſo well?
With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd
Two things in ſweet retirement much deſir'd:
A generous bottle and a loveſome ſhe,
Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
To which retiring quietly at night,
If (as that only can) to add delight,
When to our little cottage we repair,
We find a friend or two, we'd wiſh for there.
Dear Beverley, kind as parting lover's tears,
Adderley, honeſt as the ſword he wears,
Wilſon, profeſſing friendſhip yet a friend,
Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,
Finch, full of kindneſs, generous as his blood,
Watchful to do, to modeſt merit, good;
Who have forſook the vile tumultuous town,
And for a taſte of life to us come down,

With eager arms, how closely we embrace!
What joys in every heart, and every face!
The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,
With choicest meats at least, though not with store:
Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train,
Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's lass.
Then down we sit, while every genius tries
T' improve, till he deserves his sacrifice:
No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night.
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we'll part,
Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his silent bed,
Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;
Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep
With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep;
At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet craving love, till the next night:
Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,
And to our books our earliest visit make;
Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all:
While the poor under faculties resort,
And to her fickle majesty make court;
The understanding first comes plainly clad,
But usefully; no entrance to be had.
Next comes the will, that bully of the mind,
Follies wait on him in a troop behind:
He meets reception from the antic queen,
Who thinks her majesty's most honour'd, when
Attended by those fine dress't gentlemen.
Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows,
And into court with resolute virtue goes;
Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
Then how the flattering follies sneak away!
This image, when it came, too fiercely shook
My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook;

When waking as I caſt my eyes around,
Nothing but old loathed vanities I found;
No grove, no freedom, and, what's worſe to me,
No friend; for I have none compar'd with thèe.
Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
Were ſeiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:
Gods! life's your gift, then ſeaſon't with ſuch fate,
That what ye meant a bleſſing prove no weight.
Let me to the remoteſt part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haſte, the world:
But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
By day what's needful, and at night ſoft eaſe;
The friend I truſt in, and the ſhe I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I wiſh remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as you can,
Set me in power, the woeful'ſt ſtate of man;
To be by fools miſled, to knaves a prey,
But make life what I aſk or take 't away.

TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF *LUCRETIUS*.

SIR, when your book the firſt time came abroad,
I muſt confeſs I ſtood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to ſome good-nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read, leſt I ſhould not commend.
Lucretius Engliſh'd! 'twas a work might ſhake
The power of Engliſh verſe to undertake.
This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
T' out-do the expectations of mankind;
Since you've ſo well the noble taſk perform'd,
Envy's appeas'd, and prejudice diſarm'd:
For when the rich original we peruſe,
And by it try the metal you produce,
Though there indeed the pureſt ore we find,
Yet ſtill in you it ſomething ſeems refin'd:
Thus when the great Lucretius gives a looſe,
And laſhes to her ſpeed his fiery Muſe;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full ſtretch upon him all the race;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His verſe, and not ſo ſmooth a ſtroke maintain;
There the advantage he receives is found,
By you taught temper, and to chuſe his ground.
Next, his philoſophy you've ſo expreſt
In genuine terms, ſo plain, yet neatly dreſt,
Thoſe murderers that now mingle it all day
In ſchools may learn from you the eaſy way
To let us know what they would mean and ſay:
If Ariſtotle's friends will ſhew the grace
To wave for once that ſtatute in their caſe.
Go on then, Sir, and ſince you could aſpire,
And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with ſo long
In Holbourn rhyme, and, leſt the book ſhould fail,
Expos'd with pictures to promote the ſale:
So tapſters ſet out ſigns, for muddy ale.

You're only able to retrieve his doom,
And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome:
For ſure, when Julius firſt this iſle ſubdued,
Your anceſtors then mixt with Roman blood;
Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
Virgil and Horace, thoſe three ſons of Fame;
Since to their memory it is ſo true,
And ſhews their poetry ſo much in you.
Go on in pity to this wretched iſle,
Which ignorant poetaſters do defile
With louſy madrigals for lyric verſe;
Inſtead of comedy with naſty farce.
Would Plautus, Terence, e'er have been ſo lewd
T' have dreſt Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd?
Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
To ſhew a whining fool in love betray'd
By ſome falſe friend or ſlippery chambermaid,
Then, ere he hangs himſelf, bemoans his fall
In a dull ſpeech, and that fine language call?
No, ſince we live in ſuch a fulſome age,
When nonſenſe loads the preſs, and choaks the ſtage;
When blockheads will claim wit in nature's ſpight,
And every dunce, that ſtarves, preſumes to write,
Exert yourſelf, defend the Muſe's cauſe,
Proclaim the right, and to maintain their laws
Make the dead ancients ſpeak the Britiſh tongue;
That ſo each chattering daw, who aims at ſong,
In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
What engines yet are wanting in his head
To make him equal to the mighty dead,
For of all Nature's works we moſt ſhould ſcorn
The thing who thinks himſelf a poet born,
Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly ſpells,
And ſenſeleſſly, as ſquirrels jingle bells.
Such things, Sir, here abound; may therefore you
Be ever to your friends, the Muſes, true!
May our defects be by your pow'rs ſupply'd,
Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride;
Till by your pen reſtor'd, in triumph borne,
The majeſty of poetry return!

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK

Coming to the Theatre, Friday April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury and eaſe,
Had ſurfeited this iſle to a diſeaſe;
When noiſome blains did its beſt parts o'erſpread,
And on the reſt their dire infection ſhed;
Our great phyſician, who the nature knew
Of the diſtemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you:
He caſt his ſearching eye's o'er all the frame,
And finding whence before one ſickneſs came,
How once before our miſchiefs foſter'd were,
Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
Where ſo your goodneſs, ſo your juſtice ſway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild plague was ſtay'd.
When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
New form'd rebellion durſt rear up its head,
Anſwer me all: Who ſtruck the monſter dead?
See, ſee, the injur'd prince, and bleſs his name,
Think on the martyr from whoſe loins he came;
Think on the blood was ſhed for you before,
And curſe the parricides that thirſt for more.
His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
He wears a ſword will juſtify your love.
With blood ſtill ready for your good t'expend,
And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
His duteous loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, unmurm'ring to obey.
Think what he's borne, your quiet to reſtore;
Repent your madneſs, and rebel no more.
No more let Boutefeus hope to lead petitions,
Scriveners to be treaſurers; pedlars, politicians;
Nor every fool, whoſe wife has tript at court,
Pluck up a ſpirit, and turn rebel for't.

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himſelf alarm'd?
They're mal-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
And when the horned herd's together got,
Nothing portends a common-wealth like that.
Caſt, caſt your idols off, your gods of wood,
Ere yet Philiſtines fatten with your blood:
Renounce your prieſts of Baal, with amen faces,
Your Wapping feaſts, and your Mile-end high places.
Nail all your medals on the gallows poſt,
In recompence th' original was loſt:
At theſe, illuſtrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay:
Let loyal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord:
He only brings a medicine fit t' aſſuage
A people's folly, and rouz'd monarch's rage.
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty bleſſings home:
Send all your wiſhes with him, let the air
With gentle breezes waft it ſafely there,
The ſeas, like what they'll carry, calm and fair:
Let the illuſtrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her ſon command;
While our glad monarch welcomes her to ſhore,
With kind aſſurance ſhe ſhall part no more.
Be the majeſtic babe then ſmiling born,
And all good ſigns of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow a conſtant pledge to ſtand,
Of Cæſar's love to an obedient land.

SPOKEN TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
ON HER
RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,
IN THE YEAR 1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muſe's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wiſhes here,
Turn your deſiring eyes, and feaſt them there.
Thus falling on your knees with me implore,
May this poor land ne'er loſe that preſence more!
But if there any in this circle be,
That come ſo curſt to envy what they ſee,
From the vain fool that would be great too ſoon,
To the dull knave that writ the laſt lampoon!
Let ſuch, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blaſted heads, and die with ſhame.
Our mighty bleſſing is at laſt return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which ſo long we mourn'd:
From whom our preſent peace we expect increas'd
And all our future generations bleſt.
Time, have a care: bring ſafe the hour of joy,
When ſome bleſt tongue proclaims a royal boy:
And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be ſtrong;
Bleſs him with days of ſtrength, and make them long;
Till charg'd with honours we behold him ſtand,
Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,
His father's conquering ſword within his hand:
Then th' Engliſh lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring muſic to the dance,
Carry a Quo Warranto into France.

PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BEHN'S CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

HOW vain have prov'd the labours of the ſtage,
In ſtriving to reclaim a vicious age!
Poets may write, the miſchief to impeach;
You care as little what the poets teach
As you regard at church what parſons preach.
But where ſuch follies and ſuch vices reign,
What honeſt pen has patience to refrain?
At church, in pews, ye most devoutly ſnore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,
And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
With equal zeal ye honour either place,
And run ſo very evenly your race,
Y'improve in wit juſt as ye do in grace.
It muſt be ſo; ſome dæmon has poſſeſt
Our land, and we have never ſince been bleſt.
Y'have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
In reverend ſhape it ſtalk'd about the town,
Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
'Twould play the apoſtolic function o'er:
But heaven have mercy on us when it ſwore!
Whene'er it ſwore, to prove the oaths were true,
Out of his mouth at random halters flew
Round ſome unwary neck, by magic thrown,
Though ſtill the cunning devil ſav'd his own:
For when th' enchantment could no longer laſt,
The ſubtle Pug, moſt dextrouſly uncaſt,
Left awful form for one more ſeeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
From ſilken doctor, homeſpun Ananias:
Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
Where ſtill by its old arts it plays new tricks,
And fills the heads of fools with politics.
This dæmon lately drew in many a gueſt,
To part with zealous guinea for—no feaſt.

Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
Would lay sweet money out in sham thankgivings?
Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But whoe'er paid for a sham treat before?
Had you not better sent your offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrator's Hall?
I being your steward, justice had been done ye;
I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

WHAT think ye meant wiſe Providence, when firſt
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durſt,
That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
That when its ſpirit o'er the waters ſtirr'd,
When it ſaw all, and ſaid that all was good,
The creature poet was not underſtood:
For, were it worth the pains of ſix long days,
To mould retailers of dull third day plays,
That ſtarve out threeſcore years in hopes of bays?
'Tis plain they ne'er were of the firſt creation,
But came by mere equivocal generation?
Like rats in ſhips, without coition bred,
As hated too as they are, and unfed.
Nature their ſpecies ſure muſt needs diſown,
Scarce knowing poets, leſs by poets known.
Yet this poor thing, ſo ſcorn'd and ſet at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Diſabled waſting whoremaſters are not
Prouder to own the brats they never got,
Than fumbling itching rhymers of the town
T' adopt ſome baſe-born ſong that's not their own.
Spite of his ſtate, my Lord ſometimes deſcends,
To pleaſe the importunity of friends.
The dulleſt he, thought moſt for buſineſs fit,
Will venture his bought place to aim at wit;
And though he ſinks with his employs of ſtate,
Till common ſenſe forſake him, he'll tranſlate.
The poet and the whore alike complains
Of trading quality, that ſpoils their gains;
The lords will write, and ladies will have ſwains!
Therefore all you who have male iſſue born
Under the ſtarving ſign of Capricorn,
Prevent the malice of their ſtars in time,
And warn them early from the ſin of rhyme:
Tell them how Spencer ſtarv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and ſervice was return'd;

And if ſuch warning they refuſe to take,
This laſt experiment, O parents make!
With hands behind them ſee th' offender ty'd,
The pariſh whip and beadle by his ſide;
Then lead him to ſome ſtall that does expoſe
The authors he loves moſt; there rub his noſe,
Till, like a ſpaniel laſh'd to know command,
He by the due correction underſtand,
To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land;
Till he againſt his nature learn to ſtrive,
And get the knack of dulneſs how to thrive.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

IN ſtorms when clouds the moon do hide,
And no kind ſtars the pilot guide,
Shew me at ſea the boldeſt there,
Who does not wiſh for quiet here.
For quiet, friend, the ſoldier fights,
Bears weary marches, ſleepleſs nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
Since wealth and power too weak we find,
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Or from the monarch's roofs of ſtate
Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
Happy the man with little bleſt,
Of what his father left poſſeſt:
No baſe deſires corrupt his head,
No fears diſturb him in his bed.
What then in life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run,
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail,
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
If then thy ſoul rejoice to-day,
Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd:
No perfect good is to be found.
One mortal feels Fates ſudden blow,
Another's lingering death comes ſlow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The gods may give to puniſh me.
Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horſes and chariots for thy eaſe,
Rich robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.

For me, a little cell I chuſe,
Fit for my mind, fit for my Muſe,
Which ſoft content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I ſcorn.

THE BEGINNING OF

A PASTORAL,

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the plain,
And thus diſturbs the ſhepherd's peaceful reign?
A diſmal ſound breaks through the yielding air,
Forewarning us ſome dreadful ſtorm is near.
The bleating flocks in wild confuſion ſtray,
The early larks forſake their wand'ring way,
And ceaſe to welcome in the new-born day.
Each nymph poſſeſt with a diſtracted fear,
Diſorder'd hangs her looſe diſhevel'd hair.
Diſeaſes with her ſtrong convulſions reign,
And deities, not known before to pain,
Are now with apoplectic ſeizures ſlain.
Hence flow our ſorrows, hence increaſe our fears,
Each humble plant does drop her ſilver tears.
Ye tender lambs, ſtray not ſo faſt away,
To weep and mourn let us together ſtay:
O'er all the univerſe let it be ſpread,
That now the ſhepherd of the flock is dead.
The royal Pan, that ſhepherd of the ſheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal ſleep!
Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly
Aloft, where the ſoft milky way does lie;
Mopſus, who Daphnis to the ſtars did ſing,
Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.
Play gently on your reeds a mournful ſtrain,
And tell in notes through all th' Arcadian plain,
The royal Pan, the ſhepherd of the ſheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep, [ſleep
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal

THE COMPLAINT:

A SONG.

To a Scotch Tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
No quiet's in my mind,
Though ne'er could be a happier ſwain,
Were Sylvia leſs unkind.
For when, as long her chains I've worn,
I aſk relief from ſmart,
She only gives me looks of ſcorn;
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly ſtore,
May offer heaps of gold,
But ſurely I a heaven adore,
Too precious to be ſold;
Can Sylvia ſuch a coxcomb prize,
For wealth, and not deſert;
And my poor ſighs and tears deſpiſe?
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

When, like ſome panting, hovering dove,
I for my bliſs contend,
And plead the cauſe of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Alas, Sylvia! thus vain you ſtrive
To act a healers part:
'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
Alas! and break my heart.

When on my lonely penſive bed
I lay me down to reſt,
In hope to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning breaſt,
Her cruelty all eaſe denies:
With ſome ſad dream I ſtart;
All drown'd with tears I find my eyes,
And breaking feel my heart.

Then, riſing, through the path I rove,
That leads me where ſhe dwells,
Where, to the ſenſeleſs waves, my love
Its mournful ſtory tells;
With ſighs I dew and kiſs the door,
Till morning bids depart;
Then vent ten thouſand ſighs and more:
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

But, Sylvia, when this conqueſt's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For every lovely generous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And curſe thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

FINIS.

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Otway, Thomas,

The poetical works of Thomas Otway with life of the author

London [ca. 1800]
Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- 30.1397#1
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11414120-4